

PALMETTO STANDARD.

Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, and to the Political, Agricultural and Educational Interests of the State.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
Payable in Advance.

VOLUME IV.

CHESTER, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1853.

NUMBER 23.

Scientific Poetry.

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

Written by a Lady, Eighty Years of Age.

Cling to thy mother, for she was first
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed,
And when, amidst angelic life she parting stilled,
The babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot for bliss of loving life.

Be gentle to thy mother, long she bore
Thine infant frailties, and thy early years;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that cries
Thy childish play, and taught thy hapless teeth.
Yea, she is old; yet on thy manly brow
She looks, and claims thee as her child's own now.

Uplift thy mother! show to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, laid thee to thy rest;
Thou taughtst thy tottering limbs their untiring art,
Exclaiming in the declining hour of life:
And now thy steps are feeble, be thy stay
Where strength was thine, in the most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother! brief perchance the time
May be that she will claim the care she gave;
Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime
Of joy and fruit; her friends are in the grave;
But for her children, she would to the end
Gladly to rest among the great ones dead.

Be tender with thy mother! words unkind
Of thy frailties from her words will give a pang
To that weak heart, where thou art so dear;
To have unkind words, more than a pang
Of freedom's dream, would not be strong truth.
As she would have thee pass when she is dead,
To have a heart that thou wert to be so.

METEORS AND SHOOTING-STARS.

It is only of late years that the phenomena connected with these bodies have been thought worthy of the observation and investigation of scientific men. They have been, in every age of the world, objects of curiosity, of amazement, and of superstitious awe by the multitude; but it is only of late years that the subject of meteoric bodies has been brought within the domain of science, and been made objects of scientific research. They were regarded as results of certain inflammable gases or electrical changes in the atmosphere, as long-vapor kindled above the earth instead of on its surface, or as something analogous to lightning; and such theories seemed satisfactory or plausible enough to check further investigation.

These theories are now discarded since more accurate observations have been made. Believing that many readers have a desire to know what is now received as the more probable theory in regard to these bodies, and what facts have been scientifically determined in regard to them, we will endeavor to present these to them in the briefest possible space. Our sketch is intended merely for popular information; those who have a taste and capacity for scientific details must be referred to scientific journals and erudite reviews.

The first circumstance which led to a suspicion of the incorrectness of the theory which we have named, and to awaken inquiry, was the discovery of the fact that meteors are sometimes accompanied by the precipitation of stones and metallic matters from the sky. In 1803 was published a very full and accurate report of what was known in regard to these aerolites, the periods and places of their fall, the directions of their line of descent, &c. Until this time scientific men had paid very little attention to the subject. The fall of a stone in Yorkshire, in England, in 1785, which was witnessed by two persons and preceded by an explosion in the air, had indeed aroused some previous investigation. So also had a shower of meteoric stones, a few years later, in Normandy, in France. But still the general attention of the scientific world was not directed to this subject until the publication of the registered record of meteoric stones in 1803.

From the peculiar chemical composition of these meteoric stones, and from the direction of the line of their fall, observers were soon satisfied that they were alien to this planet, and that they had their source beyond the region of our globe. The question then became one of renewed importance and curiosity; whence do these stones descend upon the earth?

Five or six different suppositions or theories have been entertained at different times by those who have interested themselves in answering this question. Some have thought that these stones were the product of our own volcanoes; others that they were produced by the fusion of matters in the earth by lightning or electricity in some meteoric shape imploding thereon; and others still that the materials of which they were composed were slowly absorbed into the atmosphere and brought together suddenly by some accidental agency. These theories, though taken up by many, were destitute of proof, and held in the face of facts which gave them every character of physical impossibility. It seems certainly absolutely impossible, or at least infinitely improbable, that such materials as iron, nickel, silice, and other materials, should be absorbed into and exist in the atmosphere, especially since no such elements have ever been detected in it. Then it is equally improbable that such sub-

stances, existing, if they existed there at all, in exceeding minuteness, should all at once coalesce into a dense solid.

When well-ascertained facts as to the chemical composition and line of fall of these meteoric bodies at length compelled men to seek for a source beyond the limits of terrestrial action, the hypothesis of igneous origin next came into notice. Men as famous in science as Olbers, Biot, Berzelius, and Laplace, have favored this hypothesis. As presented, considerable plausibility. It is well known that the shade of the moon seen from the earth offers the aspect of mountains of great height, and of numerous craters—the latter resembling our own volcanoes, only larger and deeper. Great internal forces must have been at work to create these appearances. Why not suppose, then, that stones might be projected thence, with force enough to pass the limits of the moon's attraction, and to come within that of the earth? Calculations were made which proved that a stone of great mass, projected from the moon with an initial velocity five or six times as great as that of a ball issuing from a cannon's mouth, would be so great that it would not return to the moon, but would continue to revolve in obedience to new attractions, or be precipitated upon a body of more powerful attraction if approaching its sphere.

Another hypothesis, similar to the one just named, is that which supposes these aerolites to be smaller fragments of that presumed planet between Mars and Jupiter, the breaking up of which has produced the numerous small planets, or asteroids which crowd this part of the heavens. But a few years ago, only four such bodies were known to us—Vesta, Juno, Ceres, Pallas. Nineteen others have been lately added to this number. These bodies are very various in size—some of them so small as to defy exact measurement. Astronomical considerations fully sanction the idea of a common origin; and if they be truly fragments of a larger body, may we not reasonably infer that the same force which separated them must have projected into space numerous fragments yet smaller, and with orbits more highly inclined to the primitive planet? May not some of these smaller fragments have come into proximity to the earth, and within its attraction? All that can be said in favor of this, as of the lunar hypothesis, is that it is not impossible; no direct evidence can be put forward in its support. It is a mere speculation, and has yielded to another theory of still stronger probability.

This, the only remaining theory, is one which connects meteoric stones with meteors of other forms, and assigns the origin of all to these interplanetary spaces which have usually been regarded as void and unoccupied—or occupied only by thin, imperceptible ether. The discovery of the vast number of cometary bodies traversing space in all directions, is one of the circumstances which have led gradually to create new views on this subject. If space is thus occupied by bodies varying infinitely in magnitude, orbits of some of them altered by their approach to the greater planets, why may we not suppose that portions of matter yet smaller may be in motion around us; apparent only when they come so near to the earth as to be deflected, or rendered luminous by its influence? Meteoric stones not only come from beyond the limits of our atmosphere, but enter with vast velocity. Numerous and exact observations have proved the same to be equally true in the case of shooting-stars and meteoric globes of light. Hence, it seems probable that aerolites, meteors and shooting-stars, have a common origin in matter of some form or other, variously revolving in the space through which our own globe is moving.

In its revolution round the sun, the earth passes through a space of 100 millions in the course of six months. If according to Aaron's calculation or conjecture, there be eight millions of comets having their revolution within the solar system; and if there be other bodies, dense or attenuated, in still greater numbers, revolving in orbits equally eccentric, then some idea may be formed of the masses of matter in the interplanetary spaces, which the earth may pass at a greater or less distance in its annual circuit of nearly four hundred millions of miles around the sun. It is easy, then, to conceive of the progressive motion of the earth bringing it into proximity to numerous eccentric orbits of meteors or asteroids, which will thereby be deflected more or less from their course, some of them actually inflicting upon our planet. The passing of such bodies is supposed to be the cause of meteors and shooting-stars, and their luminousness is probably derived from the reflexion of light from the earth.

This, which is now the received theory in regard to meteors and shooting-stars, is rendered almost certainly by the fact that there are well-attested instances of stones—single or numerous—falling at the time of the appearance of meteoric bodies. And if it be well proved in a few instances that these fireballs exploding have thrown down stones upon the earth—the presumption becomes strong that analogous meteoric elements are present in all, whether precipitated or

not. It has been determined, with considerable accuracy, that shooting-stars have sometimes a height of from 100 to 200 miles, and a velocity of 80 miles per second, and that they pass the earth most frequently at a distance of 20 to 50 or 60 miles above it.

Arthur's Home Magazine.

Select Miscellany.

POMPEII.

Pompeii is about a third part excavated. You can see distinctly where the work began and where it ended. The outlines of the whole city are, indeed, clearly marked by the uncovering of the outside wall. It was a pleasant country town, containing possibly forty thousand people. Situated in a small vale, it was shut in on one side by a long range of fertile and wooded hills; on the other by the barren, impending one of its destroyer. Beauty and sublimity were on either hand. The sea, too, bounded by an undulating coast, lent its charm; towns and villages had sprung up on every side.—It was a quiet retreat, whither the labors of the day or year being finished, one might retire far away from noise and bustle. But in a moment, almost in the twinkling of an eye, all this fair picture was marred; and Pompeii became desolate as the ancient cities of the plain.

Herculaneum was overwhelmed with lava, which, in a liquid state, ran like molten lead, into the gates of the city, through the wall, the streets, and into the houses. The torrent of flaming fluid always gives token of its approach. No human remains, therefore, have been found at Herculaneum. But the cooled lava, grown hard, is like the impenetrable rock, in resisting the excavating hammer and chisel. It is not probable that further advance will be made.

Pompeii was overwhelmed with a shower of ashes and cinders. The layer is about 6 feet thick, in some places more. It must have been a frightful storm to the inhabitants, black, thick, and sudden. Many, perhaps, were overwhelmed where they stood, in the street, at the doors of the temples, and in their houses. The skeletons of many have been found in cellars, whither they had fled in terror. Some possibly retreating from an evening walk, had taken refuge in little summer houses, erected by the way-side at public expense, to refresh the weary and heated traveler. Skeletons have there been found, sitting bolt upright, as though defying in death the elements and nature's fiercest wrath. One of them was a young female, possibly with gay attendants, but whom the storm overtook before her home and friends were reached. So sudden and terrible was the overwhelming of Pompeii.

Perhaps, the saddest spot amid this scene of desolation, is the house or villa of Diomedes. He was one of the wealthiest citizens of the place, and owned possessions of great extent, which he had adorned with gardens and buildings of much beauty and magnificence. A large and well-filled wine-cellar, also, was his; the jars still remain. Near by were found seventeen skeletons, inmates, doubtless, of his family, his wife, children and servants. They had fled thither for protection, but the overwhelming storm overtook them. They were smothered, or perhaps, died a more terrible death, if caught can be more terrible, from hot ashes, water and chloride, which entered by the doors and windows. Armlets, bracelets and other ornaments were found upon their fleshless bodies. The mistress also held the keys of the house in her skeleton hand. They are still preserved and shown in the Museum at Naples.

If one has ever wandered through the great grave-yard of Paris, divided into streets lined with habitations of the dead, silent and tenantless, he can form some idea of Pompeii. Were it not for the additional idea of ghostly life and animation, one might compare it to the mind's picture of the dreary abode of the dead in the ancient poetical world.—But Pompeii is silent, dead. Not a living being is to be seen in the dreary streets. It would require no great stretch of imagination to re-people it. There stand the houses, the walls, and partitions, as when the shower of cinders fell; each with its little court and fountain, mosaic floors and frescoed ceilings. In many places the statues of men and idols of Gods occupy the same places where they were once honored and worshipped. Noble and elegant was this old Roman life; how different from ours. There was no boudoir, layer upon layer, story upon story, of human life. Each house could boast only of one floor, large and spacious. How curious and delightful, too, the arrangement! rooms looking out, each and all, upon the inner court, where statues stood and fountains played.

Possibly, Pompeii had before been desolated. It was built on a bed of hard lava; the streets too are paved with the same; run down by the wheels in the solid rock are still to be seen. Curious enough are these paved streets, with tracks only wide enough for one carriage wheel. There could have been no passing and repassing here; there must have been a gauge too of axle-trees. Besides, a wagon once in the track would have found it difficult to get out till the cross-street was reached. Raised foot paths are

found on either side, but narrow, hard and cheerless.

Some idea of trade and business is given by the location and arrangement of shops which still remain. None of them seem to have had any inclosure from the street; the whole front was open, a fashion which then, as now, prevailed in many parts of Italy. Wine and oil in jars still stand as when the desolation overtook the city; the counters too, on which the change of money was made, are in many shops upright. Rooms where the corn was ground by hand; ovens also, and jars of meal near by, are perhaps as when still used for baking bread.—Correspondence of the Savannah Courier.

LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS.

For the sake of appearance, to keep up a display and make a figure in the world, multitudes adopt the vicious habit of spending more than they earn. Pride and fashion exercise a merciless despotism over their purses. The rich in their abundance do not feel the burden, but when the same thing is attempted by those in moderate and humble circumstances, "then comes the tax of war." In order to ape the attitudes of wealth, they exhaust all their resources, and even strain their credit till it is perfectly threadbare.

There is much in the habits and customs of society furnishing a strong temptation to this course, yet it is a serious evil. It is not right as between man and man; it is an extravagance that carries in its train a pecuniary injustice. He who lives beyond his means must supply the deficiency from the pockets of his neighbors, very often upon the strength of a deceptive credit. His very display gives him an appearance of affluence that misleads the judgment of others. He knowingly passes himself off for more than he is worth, and what is this but a species of fraud?

There is of course an end to this habit, somewhere; the commercial reputation of the individual must finally be swamped by the number of his unpaid indebtedness; yet the whole process is one of dishonesty, even before this catastrophe reveals it. No Christian ought to be guilty of it. He not only disgraces himself thereby, but also jeopardizes the reputation of religion among men.

It is, moreover, a very uncomfortable habit. He who lives above his means, generally owes more than he can pay; and the further he goes, the worse he makes his condition. He becomes a stereotyped borrower—pays one debt by contracting another, has a great many debts to pay, petty and annoying bills scattered in all directions, which he does not know how to meet. They are constantly haunting him with their unpleasant clamors; they sacrifice his reputation, and give the community the just impression that he is a poor pay master. All this must be a source of great inconvenience and perplexity, far too great to find an adequate compensation in a little needless parade. It would be far wiser, involve much less friction of the nerves, to shun less and enjoy more.

The temptations of the habit are both numerous and dangerous. It tempts a man to sacrifice his sense of honor, to place a light estimate upon his word, to be easy in promising and very slow in fulfilling. His moral principles become loose, and pass into the state of decay. His wants baffle him; and he is likely, under the plea of necessity, to do what under other circumstances he would not think of doing. Sometimes he is led to contract debts, and then move away, leaving them unsettled and unpaid. Perhaps he runs his credit in one place till he runs it out; and then does the same thing in another, till he finally runs himself out.

He is tempted to acts of meanness, not to say dishonesty, such as dodging his creditors, and making promises which he does not seriously expect to fulfill. His virtue is always taxed and strained by his pride on the one hand, and the inconveniences of his extravagance on the other; and between the two the path of plain and simple honesty is made very difficult. Sins seldom go alone; one form of wrong generally leads to another; and hence, he whose proud heart requires what his lax conscience permits, is on the highway of temptation. What he may be led to do in certain crises made by his folly, he cannot tell. He may be so severely chafed and pinched, as even to be guilty of the crime of murder.

And then again, he who consumes all, and more than all, for the purpose of display, of course has not a penny for the office of charity; he can give nothing to aid the poor, to promote the public good, or disseminate the knowledge of the gospel. He is always too poor for this work, and quite likely soothes his conscience and corrupts his heart with the plea of his own poverty. He would be glad to do something, but he cannot—he is so poor. Very true; but let him inquire into the reason of his poverty. He lives too fast; he spends too much on himself and family; he keeps up more parade than he can support, and this is the chief reason why he is unable to contribute to the interests of charity and benevolence.

How much more commendable in the sight of earth and Heaven is that man who is economical and frugal that he may be liberal!

who restrains his own passions from excessive indulgence, that he may devote at least a portion of his substance to the cause of God and the interests of philanthropy. His is a rare and valuable virtue, and when it shall be more common in the Church of Christ, it will be less difficult to find the means for sustaining and enlarging all her institutions of love.—Evangelist.

CONSUMPTION.

Chambers' Journal has some interesting and curious statements from Prof. Simpson, of Edinburgh, on the beneficial effects of oiling the body in consumptive and scrofulous cases, as also in scalding. It appears that the workers in woolmills are entirely exempted from these destructive diseases. Prof. Simpson states, that "employment in the mills not only preserved health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to be wool-workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength—a result in almost every instance attained."

We quote so much of the article as relates to the cause of this effect, and the application of the discovery to practical medicine; as the attention of the medical faculty may be attracted to the subject, and thereby many persons be possibly saved from lingering disease or premature death.

"The question now came to be, to ascertain the precise cause of this singular result of millwork. Cotton mills did not produce a similar effect, and workmen in certain departments of woolmills were found to be subject to the ordinary maladies of the country, it therefore soon became evident, that the cause was referable to the great quantity of oil consumed in the preparation of the raw material in wool-working.—A coat or any other portion of dress, when hung up in one of the rooms, was found to be saturated with oil in a few days; and the operatives must, therefore, be held to draw into their system a large amount of oleaginous matter, either by inhalation or by absorption from the clothes through the skin, the latter being probably the principal mode in which the substance is imbibed. The hands and face of the workers are constantly besmeared, but under their clothing there are scarcely any marks of discoloration, although it is obvious that the oil must be received through all the pores of the body, and, indeed, the greatest quantity will penetrate where there is the least facility for external evaporation.

The application of this discovery to practical medicine is calculated to be of important service; in so far as some of our most serious maladies are concerned. Consumption, as now understood, is supposed to arise from defective nutrition—there being in consumptive and scrofulous subjects a deficiency of fatty as compared with albuminous matter; and to restore the equilibrium of the two elements, cod-oil, as is well known, has been in extensive use for the last ten or twelve years, and with singular effect. In many instances, however, oil when swallowed is found to excite nausea; and in such cases, the introduction of this saving agent by external application is likely to be productive of beneficial consequences. Means are to be taken to get rid of the disagreeable odor of the cod oil, and when freed from this objection, there can be few or no drawbacks to the ancient custom of anointing. That it adds rapidly to the weight of the emaciated has already been proved by actual experiment; and one instance may be mentioned of an individual who gained a stone in weight in the short period of four weeks. The use of oil in this way is not disagreeable, but on the contrary is found to be productive of pleasant sensations. It has only to be added, so far as the medical action is involved, that the mode in which the oil strengthens delicate patients, is by its being received into the blood, the chemical character of which undergoes a vital change by the process."

The writer recommends active exercise with the application; and says that oil may be applied to the human body at night without any disagreeable consequences. The oil to be well rubbed in.

GOLD DISCOVERED IN ARKANSAS.—The Camden (Arkansas) Herald, which we received by steamboat a day or two since, had an endorsement on its margin, "Great excitement in Camden." The cause we infer to be the discovery of gold in that neighborhood, of which some details are given in the paper.

It seems that a negro named Scott, who had formerly worked in the North Carolina gold mines, was impressed with a belief, from the character of the country, that gold could be found in the hills about Camden, and obtained permission to "prospect" upon the lands of several planters. The result has been that gold was discovered. Dr. Newman has sent to the editor of the paper a specimen of the gold found in his yard, with the opinion of a California gold digger that the prospect is good for the mine being rich. Dr. Newman's place is about a half a mile from the public square in Camden. Gold has been found on other plantations. The Herald says: "Our town is in a fever of excitement."

The man who was carried away by his feelings has returned safe.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

The Rev. Mr. Prime, one of the Editors of the New York Observer, who recently went to England in the packet ship Devonshire, has written home two very interesting descriptive letters of his trip across the Atlantic. In less than fifteen days they were in sight of the English coast, having never changed the course of the ship from the time the pilot left them, off Sandy Hook. When within a few hours sail of Portsmouth, a man fell overboard and was drowned. The scene Mr. Prime thus describes.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

April 23d, Evening.

The full moon rose from the sea and hung out from the sky like a silver globe, with a clearness and beauty that I have never seen. The ship was sailing well under a fair breeze, and we walked the deck in the enjoyment of one of the most delightful evenings. One after another of the passengers went below, and only a few of the younger and more romantic remained to look out on the waves reflecting the beams of the moon now riding far up in the heavens. It was nearly midnight when the cry shot through the ship piercing every ear and heart, "a man overboard." Except the cry of fire, no sound on ship is more terrible.

For days you have been thinking every time you looked over into the deep through which the ship is rushing, of the helpless and hopeless fate of him who shall be cast into the sea; and when the fearful word is given in that tone of mingled fear and pain which the fact extorts, there is a sinking of the heart as if each one has a friend now perishing. Mr. Moore, the second mate, had an assistant in the ship's carpenter, who had acted as a seaman during the passage, as we had a miserable crew. He was a fine-looking young man, and the only one of all the men who had interested the passengers. He had been down in my state-room, and told me something of his history. His parents were in Holland, and he was on his way to visit them. A young woman was on board to whom he was to be married in May, and they were to return to America to spend their days. His manners were very gentle and he looked and spoke as if he had left the comforts of home, and had entered a life for which he was not formed. My heart had gone out to him, and in return for some acts of kindness he had done to me, I was thinking what present I should make him before going ashore; when at the instant the shout was made, and this noble fellow, the pride of the men, was struggling in the pitiless waters.

Mr. Moore was near him, and had given an order to bear off the boom from the side of the ship; this man stepped over the bulwarks on the outside, pushed against the boom, the topping lift gave way, and he pitched forward, head first into the sea. The ship shot by him in a moment. Nothing thrown over could reach him. His cries of agony came up cutting the heart, O so bitterly, that it would have been a mercy to be deaf. The mate with admirable promptness gave the order to put the ship about. "Ready about. Luff round. Hard lee. Tacks and sheets, main topsail haul; let go and haul." Then he leaped into the boat and cried, "Put the helm hard down. Lower away the quarter boat." Never shall I forget the look of the mate, as he screamed "give me a knife, a knife," and taking one from a sailor he passed it through the ropes—"In men, in!"—and four stout fellows leaped in with him, and down it went upon the ocean, a little shell of a thing sent forth to seek to save that which was lost. I wanted to go with them, and as they struck out into the deep under that full moon, at midnight, to look for a drowning brother, I felt that their errand was noble, though none of them should live to tread the deck alive again.

Then we gathered on the stern of the ship, and looked out into the night and the sea to watch the event. It was light enough to see that tears were falling fast on the cheeks of some in that anxious group. Some of us prayed. It was all we could do. The little boat was soon out of sight. We could hear the shouts they sent up to reach, if it might be so, the ear of the "strong swimmer in his agony," and then all was silent, save the wind among the cordage, and the heavy flapping of the sails as the ship lay to. A dark spot rose on the wave; the flash of the dripping oars in the moonlight met the eye, and we knew they were coming. The mate was soon seen standing at the helm. Our impatience would not brook delay, and we sent out the cry "All well?" Our hearts stood still for the answer; a half spoken "No" murmured along the waters, and we knew that the brave fellow was among the dead. So suddenly; so fearfully! To be swept from among us in the midst of life and hope. There were many, many tears of sympathy that night, and when I went below and strove to sleep, the vision of a fellow being struggling in the billows around me, drove slumber from my eyelids: and when it did come, the vision remained among my dreams.

The man too poor to take his district paper was in town on Monday last. Jerusalem, how he was "soaked!"—at an expense, too, sufficient to pay a whole year's subscription to his district paper.

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

A few months ago, says the Charleston Standard, was reported in the English papers the death of Mary Bolton, aged one hundred and twenty-five years, and claimed to have been, while living, the oldest woman in the world. To determine the relative ages of women is at all times a delicate, and sometimes difficult undertaking. And but for the honor of the State in general, and Williamsburg District in particular, we would not venture upon the perilous experiment. Moved by these considerations, however, we march boldly up to danger, and assert, that in the State and District aforesaid, there is a lady, Mrs. Singleton, by name, who possesses two important advantages over the venerable deceased above mentioned. The first is, that she is now in the one hundred and thirty-first year of her age, and the second is, that she is yet alive and hearty. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired, and she retains all her senses, except that of sight, of which she was deprived at the vast age of 99 years, by an attack of measles. Her bodily energy exhibits no diminution for many years, she being still able to walk briskly about the room. She has outlived all her children, her oldest descendant living, being a grand-daughter, over sixty years old. The first grand-daughter of this grand-daughter, if now living, would be over sixteen years old. We have not learned the place of Mrs. Singleton's nativity, but the greater portion of her life has been spent in Williamsburg.

DON'T TALK OF OLD WOMEN.

The London Quarterly Review for April contains an interesting article, respecting the old Countess of Desmond, who died in the reign of James the First, and who is said to have pronounced Richard the Third as handsome a man as she ever danced with. By many persons the tale of this venerable matron is regarded as a fable. But the evidence adduced in the Review proves conclusively that such a person really existed; that she appeared at Court when nearly a century and a half old; and that she finally died, not from the exhaustion of age, but in consequence of falling from a cherry tree and injuring her thigh, so that she caught a fever, which carried her off.

This tough old dowager seems to have been born about 1464, in the midst of the famous Wars of the Roses which so long ravaged England. She came of a good Irish family, that is of one originally English, but long naturalized in Ireland. Early in life she visited the Court of London, where her beauty attracted some attention; for at one of Edward the Fourth's balls she danced with the Duke of Gloucester, subsequently Richard the Third. Soon after she married the third son of Thomas, eighth earl of Desmond, a powerful family of Irish nobles. In 1520 her husband, then in his seventy-fifth year succeeded to the title, as twelfth earl of the name. In 1534 he died. His Countess received for her jointure the lands and castle of Inchiquin which she held up to within a few years of her death, more than seventy years subsequently. Wasn't she a trump?

The generations in which she lived were stirring times all through; and Ireland particularly was a constant scene of turmoil. What a fund of tradition her gossip must have been! Her youth was almost contemporary with the last crusade, while her old age saw the settlement of Virginia. She could remember the prince of the Tower, the discovery of America, the first preaching of Luther, the burning of Cranmer, the defeat of the Armada, and the conspiracy of Guy Fawkes. She had already reached the allotted term of human existence, when the fatal battle of Flodden field was fought; yet she survived to behold a king of Scotland mount the throne of England nearly a century later. Eight earls of Desmond ruled, with almost princely sway, in Ireland, during her long term of existence. She saw many a rebellion in her native land and no less than two dynastic revolutions in England itself. In her old age she was dispossessed of her jointure lands, by the forfeiture of the entire Desmond estates in consequence of the treason of the sixteenth earl; and being thus reduced to poverty, repaired to London for redress, walking all the way from Bristol to the capital on foot. A portrait of her, painted during this visit, survives, and is authenticated. What a woman!

The article in the Quarterly gives a striking picture of the wild life led in Ireland during her day. We must go to the hills of Kildare to find anything corresponding to it in our time. Of these troubles the Countess appears to have had her share. At one period she was living in nearly royal state with her husband; at another she was so poor that she had to walk to market, five miles distant, having no servant. Annals, dowagers and life-timers are proverbially said to be long-lived; but this medieval old Countess takes the palm of all her class, as she held her jointure for seventy years. Sir Walter Raleigh, who knew her, and is one of those whose testimony proves her great age, may be said in one sense, to have had a hand in her death, for he it

ove, Springfield.....	to July '53
ove, Tomberville.....	to July '53
ly, Bartlesville.....	to Jan'y '54
Cooley, Beckhamville.....	to May '54
Ruff, Oberlin.....	to Jan'y '56
Coallough, Smith's T. O. to June '54	
henney, Clay Hill.....	to April '56
rd, Tennessee.....	to Jan'y '56
Rowland, Mississippi.....	to Jan'y '56
J. Crawford, Salem, N. C. to May '56	
Padgett, Tennessee.....	to Nov. '53
Padgett, Alabama.....	to Mar. '54
Wilkes, Newton, N. C.....	to April '56

C. D. MELTON, Proprietor.

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
 a street one day below Ninth. Reliable
 respectable dealers generally throughout
 Maryland by
 A. F. WYLLIE,
 Agents and Dealers in Medicine every where.

